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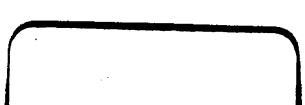

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CAMBRIDGE
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CAMBRIDGE

IN THE

LONG VACATION:

Poetically Described.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.

"——————— to shew
The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure."

BY XTOPHER TWIGUM.

Fellow of the Snobeam Society.

LONDON:

HENRY WASHBOURNE, SALISBURY SQUARE;

HATT, CAMBRIDGE; SLATTER, OXFORD;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1830.

TO

THE

COOKS,

CHEESEMONGERS,

BREWERS, LIVERY-STABLE-KEEPERS,

DOCTORS, DRESS-MAKERS, BRANDY-MERCHANTS,

TAILORS, SHOEMAKERS, BAKERS, BOOKSELLERS, HATTERS,

PRINTSELLERS, MILLERS, COACH-MASTERS,

TOBACCONISTS, WINE-MERCHANTS,

FRUITERERS, INNKEEPERS,

BUTCHERS, MUSICIANS,

AND PRINTERS,

OF

CAMBRIDGE.

It is to you I dedicate the following bouts-rimés; *if they displease you, be taciturn—if they create a smile, be communicative. We ought rather to strew smiles than frowns.*

Cambridge

IN

THE LONG VACATION.

O for a muse! a muse, like melting wax,
That's free from toll and each oppressive tax,
To sing of Snobs* at term's termination,
When Gownsmen leave for the Long Vacation.†
Forgive, O Snobs, forgive the scribbling elf,
Who scribbles thus to please you—*not* himself;
And if that scribbling, when the scribbling's done,
Delights but *you*, his own *sole end* is won.
What time the colleges are empty seen,
And college walks display a vivid green;
When Granta's streams in soft meanders roll,
And chapel bells have ceased their wonted toll;

* *Snobs.* A term applied indiscriminately to all who have not the honour of being members of the university.

† *The Long Vacation* begins on the Saturday after *the commencement*, and finishes on the 9th of October.

When college kitchen-spits are almost bare,
And but few hot joints are seen smoking there;
When mice leave butteries* with weeping eyes,
And Clare Hall Pieces quite deserted lies—
For nurse-maids now no longer there repair,
And what's the use now there no Gownsmen are?—
When cucumbers are hawk'd about for sale
In Cambridge—*inter nos*—thereby hangs

A TALE.

Some years ago, a college cook—
No matter now his name—
Who had acquired the credit of
Great culinary fame,

In term-time always with the *grate*,
No greater man than he,
In stuffing, soup, or haricot,
In braise, or fricasee.

But when the Long Vacation came
He could no longer boast
(And like the other college cooks)
That he could rule the roast.

* *Buttery.* The House of Commons, or place where bread, butter, cheese, ale, &c. are sold by retail.

Vacation and cucumber time
Are now synonymous;
For then the Gown are gone, and there's
"Nae luck about the house;"

And the first boy that he heard cry,
"Green cucumbers" to sell,
As sure as life, he'd catch the rogue
And *baste* his jacket well.

But when the cry it reach'd his ear,
"Colchester oysters, O!"
He always gave the boy a crown,
And praised the urchin too.

He knew when oysters came to hand
The *term* would soon commence,
And then he'd sing "God save the King,"
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

I sing the Long Vacation—that's the rub—
When bare the *commons*, and with scanty bub
The college servants sigh in empty rooms,
And drop a tear o'er mops and carpet-brooms,
As they collect from cupboard and from shelf
The empty bottles, crockery, china, delf.

Egg-saucepans, bellows, toasting-forks, and pots,
Tea-kettles, caddies, candle-sticks, and lots
Of other things by chance they find,
Are all to Cole's famed auction-mart consign'd;
These are their perquisites, such things as these,
Left them as resid'ary legatees.

Cheesemongers know 'tis the Long Vacation,
For they've more *maggots* than half the nation;
Indeed they get more *mitey* every day,
Although they find their cheese and trade decay:
Decay'd and mouldy is *le fromage* grown,
And in *Glo'ster* "their occupation's gone:"
Cottenham or *Stilton* though they rarely touch,
They find a trade with Snobs amongst the *Dutch*;
Made with the milk of a good Flanders mare,
And nice and round and relishing they are.
'Tis this *wot* sets all the Snobs a-kicking
Whene'er the Gown bestows on them a licking.

Brewers lament their beer is turning stale;
Not so famed Trinity's old audit ale;*
But that is made from malt, and hops of Kent,
And is not meant for Snobs but Trencher Gent.

Great gift of Ceres! thou beauteous queen,
In Cambridge rarely in perfection seen.

* *Ale.* I have fed purely upon ale; I have ate ale, drunk ale, and I always sleep upon ale. *Beaux Stratagem.*

No fevers in hot weather ever fear,
An ague rather attends Cambridge beer:
Stale thou art as vinegar—flat when mild;
At best clear Granta's crystal water spoil'd.
Snobs drink this abominable compound,
Where fire and water do the most abound.
Soon may the Cambridge ale to credit rise,
And boast of hops and malt and less excise!
The *Liv'ry Stables* now are bare of hacks;
There are no *gemmem* now to mount their backs;
Not any *gemmen* now who Whilom strode
To take an airing on the How-house road;
Scarcely a broken-winded scar-kneed beast
For Snobs to gallop o'er to Shelford feast.
And Hostlers now assume an angry tone,
Use Hobson's phrase, and cry "take that or none;"
For our best nags are now all out at grass;"
Such is the insolence of the hackney class)
But this 'ere is a good un for to go
As any in our stable, as how I know;
For when she's warm she is a right good mare;
She runn'd in a gig last Stirbitch fair."

Hapless some angry farming men may say,
"Oft have we seen them gallop o'er the fields,
Tearing the fences and the gates away,
Spoiling the corn with their horses' heels."

There at the foot of Gogmagog-famed hills,
Where noble worth, the county's pride, reside,
Those youthful Nimrods with ungovern'd wills,
Would over sheep and sheepfolds careless ride.

Hard by yon greenwood, *juxta* Madingley,
When hare or fox-hounds, summon'd to the chase,
At early dawn would those Cantabs hie,
Or at the Six-mile-bottom* run the race.

One morn I miss'd them in the custom'd field,
On hired hacks in hunting dress so gay;
No, not a single Cantab I beheld,
Nor near the hills nor near the woods were they.

The next with boxes and with spirits gay,
Perch'd on the Cambridge stages, did confirm
That all the Gownsmen were going away
For the Vacation, and it was *non-term*.

Gone are the Gownsmen, gone the Cambridge fogs,
And *Doctors* may "throw physic to the dogs."
No more *ægrotats*† they have now to write,
And Snobs they won't be ill, just out of spite.

* *Six-mile-bottom* is near Newmarket, where an occasional match is made between the Gown and the Snobs.

† *Ægrotat*, permission to be absent from chapel and

Now with the Town and Gown there's no fighting;
No crack'd heads to mend, no black eyes to whiten;
For when health abounds, slow come their fees in,
And their four-wheel buggies all want greasing;
Those famed man-menders now are lack of jobs,
Yet look with great contempt upon the Snobs;
They shake their heads, and think unless Snobs pay
They can't tell how to write a *recipe;*
But when a Snob presents the custom'd fee
Their eyes are quickly open'd and they'll see;
Taking a pinch of snuff, coolly believes,
With care and heaven's will, the patient lives;
Then hems and haws, puts up his box, and then
He kindly thinks he'd better call again.
They sometimes go upon an urgent call,
When sudden *accidents* by chance may fall,
Where gossips on rich caudle sit regaling,
Old Scandal's choice narratives retailing,
Putting strange stories into circulation,
Somewhat adverse to *Mary's* reputation.

Old Galen now counts o'er his cent. per cents.,
"His will, and not his poverty, consents;"

lectures, on account of corporeal indisposition; though, commonly, the real complaint is much more serious—viz. *indisposition of the mind! Ægrotat animo magis quam corpore. Gradus ad Cantabrigiam.*

Keeps a keen eye on the *summum bonum*,
And his hunter turns on Coldham's common;
His empty stable now looks quite forlorn,
With hayless rack and manger without corn;
His hunting boots and spurs are now put by
In a snug corner in his surgery;
Himself enjoys a little recreation,
And walks it during the Long Vacation.

Miss Fanny Flouncet finds her trade to fail,
And can't divine what 'tis the ladies ail;
She fears a panic has occurr'd of late,
As few for dresses will negociate;
For since the Cap and Gown are gone away,
She finds her trade for gowns and caps decay;
Concludes the ladies do no dress require
As there's no Gownsmen left, them to admire.
And now her drawers and her shelves does clear,
To see what ends she's prigg'd within the year
Of riband, silk, lace, cord, crape, and stuff,
And finds to fill a sack she has enough;
In Mitchell's coach then up to London hies
To Mistress Thingum, who the prigging buys;
(She keeps a doll-shop near Childhood Square,
Where dress-makers do frequently repair);
And having turn'd her savings into pounds,
To see the London fashions goes her rounds.

She calls a cab for Burlington Arcade,
To see how caps and dresses there are made;
Buys lots of gew-gaws in famed Cranbourn Alley,
For Snobesses "*in statu pupillari*;"
For many a scion now begins to germ,
And will be blooming 'gainst *October Term*;
Then hastens back and pens a neat address
For Mister Hatfield's *Independent Press*,
To let the Cambridge Snobesses all know
When they may come and see her *bon ton* show.
Now *Brandy Merchants* find their *spirits* low
And don't so brilliant and so freely flow
As when the Gown are up; those learned lads
Supply the Snobs and Snobesses with brads;
For prime *blue ruin* makes the pulses throb
Of many a roaring red-nosed Snob;
Rum customers—all love a drop of *rum*,
And male and female for their *quantum* come:
Ladies choose *Hollands* and a *twist of tape*;
Poachers *gin*, as they well know the shape,
And where to place it with great tact and care,
Quite tight, and most securely to a *hare*.
'Tis passing strange that some do *bitters* choose,
As if the times did not enough diffuse.

Ladies take *Cognac* too, prime *eau de vie*,
Merely to cream it in a cup of tea.
Gardeners seldom care about the *grub*,
And in their choice prefer the lovely *shrub;*
And now and then a few amongst the few
Delight to bathe their lips with *mountain dew.*
Thus every compound has its diff'rent merit,
And Snobs and Gownsmen too admire the *spirit.*

The Tailor's goose does now but seldom hiss,
'Cause geese, you know, do the commons miss;
And Tailors too miss commons quite as bad,
They get no cabbage—cabbage can't be had.

Cucumbers now afford a cooling treat,
When trade is small, and great the summer heat;
And but for Tailors what would Gard'ners do
With half the cucumbers they yearly grow;
But in *non-term* the maxim's understood,
"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Since all the Caps and Gowns have took their leave
The Tailors find they have got time to breathe:
In times like these they know full well the Snobs
Can give them now and then but mending jobs;
They can't afford to have a *bran new* suit,
But turn their last year's clothes for substitute.

Reader, for milling Tailors have a tact,
And with your leave I'll here relate

A FACT.

Some years ago, some journeymen-
Tailors (I swear by ink and pen)
"All full of fun and full of glee,"
Bent on a Tom-and-Jerry spree;
Alive as lice, in hordes they ran,
(You know nine Tailors make a man)
Eight and a half there were at least,
When they set out for Fulbourn feast.
They reach'd the feast, and there they saw
Many a Moll and Johnny Raw
At the Coach and Horses dancing,
The march of intellect advancing;
They wink'd and eyed the girls askew,
And 'costed them with "how d'ye do?"
(Their consequence did first o'erawe
Each gaping wide-mouth'd Johnny Raw).
"We hope, my dears, we don't intrude,
And that you will not think us rude
If we take you from those asses."
They then began to kiss the lasses.

The Johnny Raws they knit their brow,
Their patience would no further go;
But helter-skelter, battle-royal,
They proved themselves good men and loyal:
The fiddler in a twink upset,
And spilt a can of heavy wet,
Which spoilt his fiddling and his clothes,
And broke his fiddle and his nose;
He instant join'd the hostile fray,
And soon a diff'rent tune did play,
That made the Tailors dance so nimble,
Just like needlès from a thimble;
For right and left and down the middle
He made them dance without a fiddle;
Back again and hands across,
And summersets he made them toss;
And never, never did those prigs
Ever forget the fiddler's jigs.
The Johnny Raws enjoy'd the fun,
To see the Tailors cut and run;
With bloody noses, broken heads,
They cut the Tailors all to shreds;
For to the *cut* they paid regard,
And *measured* them just by the *yard*.

And after they well *laced* had been,
They left their *measure* on the green.
Those sky-light troopers threw out hints
That all their corps comprised *Flints.**
Each from his grasp the fiddler flung,
And on the dunghill laid each *Dung;*
And the *stitchers* one and all confess'd
They never were so neatly *dress'd;*
And long had they, from great to least,
Good cause to think on Fulbourn feast.

The Shoemakers now, and the Snobs who mend,
Look upon the *last* and think upon the *end*
Of term; for now the Gownsmen's orders cease,
And want of work 'mong journeymen increase;
They rarely measure now a foot or leg,
And what's the end?—they cannot stir a *peg;*
To such the means, but not the will, do fail
To bathe *St. Monday*† well with Cambridge ale.

* *Flint.* A technical term applied to those Tailors who will not work under price, and often *strike* (only for wages). The *Dungs, vice versa.*

† Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats
Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown:
The gentle craft is fittest then
For poor distressed gentlemen. *St. Hugh's Song.*

What boots it now, if no new boots they make,
Nor measures either for new shoes they take?
When work's alive it is their greatest pride
To use the *strap* and moisten well each hide;
It is the plan of every *Snob* and *Closer*
To moisten well and then to beat all over.
'Tis hoped each Snob will for his brother feel,
For in *non-term* Snobs are down at heel.

The *Cambridge Bakers* now look very white,
And all the bread they bake is *very light*.
They bake no muffins, for this sage reason—
Muffs, and muffins too, are not in season.
Empty too are the college rooms and halls,
So 'tis no use to make the "college rolls;"
And yet the Bakers (honest souls!) will cry,
"We cannot help the bread from selling high;
Indeed," they cry, "we do not tell you lies—
We sell our bread by statute of assize."
And well they flourish thro' night's lonely hour,
And deck their brows with ev'ry season's *flour!*
Yet oft in *knead*, when bright their oven shines,
A tale is told of one in these few

LINES.

Once a Baker had a son, Ralph by name,
Features like his father, the very same
As ever you saw two peas;

And when as yet Ralph was a little boy,
His father making rolls did him employ;
And Ralph he strove hard to please.

The father taught his son with all his might,
To make the rolls well shaped and *very light!*
And thus did to Ralphey say—
" Nip 'em Ralphey—you'll nip 'em on the sly."
" I do," cried Ralphey, " when there's no one nigh;
I have nip'd 'em well to-day."

Booksellers now muse o'er their unsold stock,
Of Paley, Livy, Valpy, Virgil, Lock;
And since they are by the Gown forsaken,
They by themselves enjoy their Boyle and Bacon;
Con-Vince, Oxford Sausage, and the Gownsman;
*The Snob** (their brother Snob, the Townsman)—
The Ledger, Cash-book, and their loss and gain,
Grin and endure till term-time comes again.
Booksellers now can turn a new leaf o'er,
And mend the sheets which chamber-maids have tore,
For instead of novels, elementary books
Are read by Nursemaids, Chambermaids and Cooks!
Reader, do'nt think because we've lost the Gown,
That reading too has quite forsook the town—

* A little *pie-ball* periodical.

" The March of Intellect," will very soon,
Make all the Snobs to shine just like a Moon!
Booksellers doubtless could a tale unfold,
And tell a tale of learning, yet untold!
Of jobbing Gard'ners that the *Guardian* choose,
And how Carpenters over *Wood* will muse,
Waiters o'er a *Doiley*, and Children *Blair*,
Butchers to *Steel* do constantly repair;
How Whitesmiths on a *Lock* will lay their hands,
And Poachers search for *Tracts* upon the lands;
How Waterboys are often at a *Stern*,
And Butlers strive all *Butler's works* to learn;
Chimney-sweeps *Blackwood*—Women the *Tatler;*
And Ladies, *Lady Morgan* (not the Rattler.)
Hatters have *felt* in the Long Vacation
The want of heads and want of occupation;
And yet it seems they must be all *high* bred,
For all their dealings lay amongst the Head!
Their trade, in fact, extends beyond the *poll*,
And one would think they must in riches roll.
But now as Cambridge is without the Gown,
They seldom do, alas! e'en touch *a crown*.
Hatters have *felt*, what thousands never feel,
In various shapes which they wo'nt reveal;
They have the art to make the bad look fair,
Yet in their dealings honest to a hair.

The Picture Shops, a picture does display
Of Jemmy Gordon,* when the Gown's away—
Jemmy who, to save from rustication,
Was wont to cram the dunce with declamation.
Although we are of Jemmy now bereft,
There are other *subjects* still in Cambridge left;
A pretty picture could assist the muse,
To form companion to the Cambridge views;
Perchance the keeping might be deemed too rough,
And prudence softly whispers—" hold, enough!"

The Millers say they cannot raise the wind,
And without mouths to eat, what use to grind?
" The March of Intellect" has taught them steam,
Can move their wheels, without *Aeolus*† team.
In those wise times they calculate so nice
In their average, that flour keeps its price;
If markets fall they heed it not a grain,
They wait, and next week they fall again—
Ere they fall their flour a single shilling;
Should markets rise, instantly are willing
To raise their flour to the highest mark,—
Such is the custom of each grinding shark.

* *James Gordon* died in St. Edward's workhouse, Cambridge, on the 16th September, 1825.

† *Aeolus*, the god of the winds.

Millers have mercy in thy hard crushing
Corn and the poor 'neath thy massive power;
Ruin on thousands, alas! is rushing,
O nearer wheat pray keep the price of flour.

Now for bread many poor eyes are gushing;
Millers, have mercy on the starving poor—
O fill their bellies, dry their weeping eye,
And don't forget, you and the poor man die!

Millers, you deserve a good jobation,
You are indeed a set of grinding men;
Never considering the Long Vacation,
When some hundreds of mouths are gone and when

The Snobs want bread more cheap on that occasion,
I really think there is not one in ten
Thinks you a bit too honest, grinding men,
And in that thought, thinks he who says—Amen!

The Coaches now run light along the road,
With now and then a Snob for all their load;
For those who have the time and means to spare,
Will visit London just for change of air;
And lots of luggage in large boxes take,
Enough to load a Coach, "and no mistake."

Now *Mister Bookem*, the Times or Fly ascends,
To pay a visit to his London friends;
For Mister Thingumbob, with whom he dealt,
Had often said he disappointment felt
That Bookem never when he came to town,
Had called and dined and made his house his own;
And oft the traveller expressed the same,
And begged, whenever he to London came,
He'd make a point to call and spend the day
With his employer—who had bid him say
How happy he would be to see him there,
And what his house contain'd he'd welcome share.
Now Mister Bookem to Thingumbob strait went,
To dine and spend the day was his intent;
First brush'd the dust from coat of saxon green,
Adjusted his cravat and frill so clean;
Equipp'd from head to toe, he called a coach
And did the house of Thingumbob approach;
He paid his fare, then loudly rang the bell,
And smelt, or thought he smelt, the dinner smell:
Anon the servant came and ope'd the door,
Where Mister Bookem ne'er had been before,
And thus the first plain question did begin:
"Pray, is Mister Thingumbob within?"
"Yes, sir, he is," the servant answered strait,
"Pray send your name, sir, and a moment wait."

As soon as Bookem's name was there announced,
Old Mister Thingumbob strait forward bounced,
And thus to welcome Bookem did begin—
" Ah! how d'ye do, I beg you will walk in ;"
Strait to the counting-house he Bookem led
(Where hopes of dinner now had almost fled)—
" Pray, my dear Sir, when did you come to town ?"
(He never ask'd poor Bookem to sit down)
" I hope you left all friends in Cambridge well ?"
(Fainter and fainter grew the dinner smell.)
" I value much indeed such friends as you,
Pray how does my friend old Bookem do ?
Aye, he's my old, my old staunch valued friend;
A careful man, to bus'ness does attend !"
Thingumbob now took out his watch and said—
" Dear me! time and tide will not stay for trade.
You'll me excuse, I'm now engaged till nine"
(All hopes were fled that Bookem there would dine).
" Well, well, friend Bookem, ere I take my leave,
I hope a banging order to receive !"
" No, no," cried Bookem, " I have none at all,
I merely, as you ask'd me, made a call ;
And as I find my time expired, like you,
I am engaged, so, Thingumbob, adieu !"
He left the screw, and inwardly he swore,
" Old Thingumbob no orders shall have more!

This is the man, with whom I've dealt for years;
This is the man, who hospitably appears;
This is the man, to whom I have sent game,
And turkies too, always when Christmas came.
Tis custom with many a fool, like me,
To send up presents to such *Sharks* as he—
Who never think, in return, to make
A trifling recompence for all they take.
This 'march of folly' now with me is o'er,
I'll ne'er be known to play the fool no more."
Old Thingumbob's behav'our he did decry,
And carol'd, as he walk'd, this

PARODY.

I'd be a tradesman, born in the City,
Where my father before me had plenty of trade;
There I'd do bus'ness snugly and pretty,
And a fortune I'd make as my father had made.
I'd keep a traveller who'd plenty of patter,
That country customers to deal he persuade;
If with lies he got orders, to me why no matter,
Providing that profit his orders all made.

Let him tell those gents, I warmly invite them
To take dinner with me when to London they came;

They'd think it an honour, 'twould greatly delight
them,
Whilst I got their orders and kept up the hum!
I'd be engaged when those gents came to London,
I'd never ask them to eat nor to drink;
They're nothing to me, when bus'ness is once done,
I am better engaged I would make them to think.

But I would persuade them I valued them dearly,
To bring money and orders they kindly have came;
I'd thank them most kindly for sending me yearly
Hampers of poultry and baskets of game.
I'd take their present in hamper or basket,
And thank them by letter the postage they'll pay;
If you know who are fools, reader, remark it,
The Cockneys are not — they more wisdom
display.

Tobacconists now find their trade to fail,
In Oronooko, short-cut, and pig-tail;
But shag they sell to Snobs, who chews and burns,
Yet little 'tis they do in the returns:
They hope next *term* to sell a little faster,
And net more profit in the Kanaster.

Non-term to them is something past a joke,
For all their trade indeed now ends in smoke;
In snuffs they find their customers to flinch,
Which makes them often muse on the last pinch!
They sell a few cigars about the town,
To monkey-boys who try to ape the Gown;
For often in *non-term* those lads you'll meet,
Smoking their cigars along the street;
And others sporting boxes and their snuff,
With air and consequence a *quantum suff*—
With frizzled heads, of brains within, a lapse,
And purses lined with, ah! a sad *perhaps!*

Wine Merchants find their cellars are grown bare,
They sound their *pipes* and find no music there!
Then go to *Cork Madeira*, and the *Cape*,
And *Teneriffe* and *Etna* do'nt escape.
At *Lisbon* perchance they apply the *screw*,
And sometimes to the *Hock*—indeed 'tis true
They lay dust to dust, and there long remain,
And wait their friends to rid them of *Champagne;*
And when next term arrives their kindness prove
With *good in Tent*, and all the *Mountain* move.
Although Wine Merchants now all go to *rack*,
They never think to give their friends the *Sack*—
In vino veritas, their motto sport,
And happy are when they're in sight of *Port.*

The Butchers too, do'nt look half so killing,
They do'nt re-*veal* it, although they're willing
To cut it just as fat, all prime and firm,
As they are wont to do when in *full term*:
From *full term* prices wo'nt abate a bob,
They make no difference 'twixt Gown and Snob—

Their hand is on the high-prized meat,
Their eye is on the steel,
Ready the greasy chops to greet
Of mutton, pork, and veal.

To cut the joint, and sell the cut,
You may leave them alone;
You think you have all meat, but
Will find three parts is bone.

Complain, they ask if ever you
A weazel caught asleep?
To sell all meat will never do,
There's bones in pigs and sheep.

Complain the price is very high,
They say they buy stock dear;
And tell occasionally a lie,
They do'nt a farthing clear!

Musicians now have ample time to muse,
For seldom either notes or pipes they use;
Their organs now all want respiration,
And always do during the *vacation:*
The *flats* and *sharps* they do now rarely touch,
Except on Sundays when they go to church;
And yet, kind reader, though we've lost the Gown,
We have a little music in the town.
"Music has charms to sooth the savage breast,"
The *Harmonic* and *Choral* stand confest;
Where fiddlers fiddle just for fiddling sake,
And Snobs their consorts to their concerts take;
To hear the "concord of sweet sounds," and roar
With Stentor voices—"Encore! Encore!"
Such fiddling surely all description mocks,
Which Orpheus* like softens stones and stocks.
Fruit'rers the loss of Gownsmen do deplore,
(Those lads who set the table in a roar);
Ah! now they find "their occupation gone,"
For 'mongst the Gown they all are dish'd and done;

* Those who are versed in classical learning need not be informed that Orpheus was not a fiddler, as is commonly represented, but an orator; and that the poet, wishing to show his power over the mob, represents him, by an easy metaphor, as moving the stocks and stones.—*Sextus Scriblerus.*

They appear all now just as cool as ice,
Which they send out in shapes all cold and nice,
In loaded trays with choice fruits of Spain,
To grace the board where sparkles rich Champagne;
But Fruiterers should this reflection make—
"They cannot have their cake, and eat their cake."
What, tho' their shelves are all with olives crown'd,
And China oranges all round and sound;
What tho' by those now each but little earns,
They'll golden apples gain when *term* returns;
Till then, ye Fruit'rers, ye may sit and cry—
Sweet "cherry ripe," come here, who'll buy, who'll buy!
The Inns complain they find so many *outs*,
And Waiters wait for the *October bouts*;
When *Members* to each *House* shall be return'd,
And by their *orders* help the Sinking Fund!
Then a full House shall plenty bus'ness boast,
And keep awake the Waiters and the Host;
Then measure after measure shall be made,
And *Bills* be passed, perhaps, tho' never paid—
The Hoop, will then in bus'ness run its round;
The Sun, in beaming splendour will be found;
The Bull, o'er Commons will delighted roar;
The Eagle, too, will on fresh pinions soar;
And Cads and Waiters all alive will stir,
And make each house resound with "coming, sir!"

And rarely now the *Printers'* tympans* sound,
And soft and slow the *Devil's Ball* goes round;
For Cambridge in *non-term* has no one in't
Can write an article that's fit to print.
It is, alas! of authors quite bereft,
Save auctioneers, they indeed are left
To write, and publish many a poor man's fall,
And post his whole effects against a wall;
Under an execution, distress for rent,
Or an arrest perhaps for money lent;
And all their Prefaces are very old,
They write "A House to Let," or "To be Sold."
These are the themes on which those authors write,
And gain great profits by their Copy-right.

The Printers too, have now and then a job,
Through some mishap of some unlucky Snob,)
In printing Placards, Hand and Posting-bills,
Off'ring rewards (though against their wills),
Sometimes far more than the value lost,
Which oft perchance not half the reward cost—
This is to let the thieving scoundrels see
If they are caught, they'll prosecuted be.

* The *tympan* is made of parchment, and forms part of the press. The *ball*, stuffed with wool and covered with a pelt, lays the ink on the types.—*Notes by the Devil* (the Printer's).

Printers likewise get other little jobs,
In printing during non-term for the Snobs;
Circulars, and fancy cards for tradesmen
Ready to circulate in *October term*, when
The Gownsmen all return again—for lo!
Without the Gown, what would poor Cambridge do?

FINIS.

LONDON:
GEORGE ECCLES, 101, FENCHURCH STREET.

JUL 30 1941